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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

THE MOTHER'S TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARY IRVING.

The mad winds howled one winter night—
We wakened to the blast,
To find our dwelling wrapped in light,
Ourselves encircled fast,
And forced to breathe the very fire,
So plunging from that funeral pyre!

We stood upon the cold white snow,
Close clinging to each other,
Watching, in agony of wo,
The flame no power could smother,
Robed in our raiment of the night,
Gazing on Earth's most fearful sight!

It flashed along the lurid sky,
And paled the stars' pure fire,
Like an arch-demon's wing on high,
Darting defiance higher!
Plumed with destruction's element,
Sweeping to Heaven's blue battlement!

The night-winds rocked the raging pile—
Its trembling waves rolled higher;
And looking silently the while,
I felt each hope expire!
Fierce shudders shook the towering flame!
With earthquake crash it earthward came!

Our home! oh, word of mockery!
We had a home no longer!
Our anchor loosened on Life's sea!
Where—where to find a stronger?
Our home! it was a fading name!
Low flickering in that dying flame!

And still—I never can forget
How, when that home was burning,
To what a very trifle yet
My trembling heart was turning!
It seemed a pearl of price untold,
Beyond the wealth of gems or gold!

I thought not of the thousand things
Around my fireside scattered,
Most beautiful where Memory clings—
All on that altar shattered!
One loss would every thought employ,
The picture of my buried boy!

Oh, blame me not! he was the first
God ever gave to me!
Alas! I worshipped as I nursed,
And Heaven looked down to see!
He took the bud of hope from me,
To blossom in Eternity!

Then—one thing only had the power
To make my heart less lonely,
And I have spent so many an hour
In gazing on it only!
And dreamed my spirit back to joy
In looking on my angel boy!

The lips that like a cherub's smiled—
The eyes of starlit blue—
All that I best loved in my child,
Was on that canvass too!
This only, of my burning all,
I felt that Time could not recall!

Then wonder not that even o'er
My home's red embers heaping,
No thought of poverty had power
To wring a moment's weeping!
My boy! in agony I cried!
Twice to thy mother thou hast died!

Pictures of Life.

MY WIFE,

AND MY THEORY ABOUT WIVES.

We do not marry our own wives! We marry the wives of somebody, of anybody else, and anybody or somebody else marries our wives. It may sound very funny and very silly to say this, but it is the plain, hard truth, and nine out of ten married men will, in their secret souls, admit it. I repeat it, we don't marry our own wives; and all the lawyers, legislators, judges, jurists, statesmen, philosophers, physiologists, and phrenologists on earth can't make us do it, or devise a way by which we might do it, if we chose. And I believe we would choose, for I have a good opinion of human nature. This is a puzzle for the spirit-rappers—a riddle which even the Fourierites cannot solve. Speculation, ratiocination, imagination—no mental faculty or process will avail us here. I doubt if that "external apperception at a depth within the penetralia of consciousness to which Kant never descended," of which Cousin boasts, will mend the matter. But the reason is very plain to me. It was not intended for us to marry our own wives; God's "last, best gift" is reserved unto another, higher life; elsewise this earthly existence would of itself be Heaven.

And now you know what I mean by "wife." Not merely your wedded spouse and lawful mother of your children, but that woman-soul, fashioned by God Himself as the one only partner and complement of your soul; truly the "better half" of your inmost self; with whom you are perfect man, without whom you are but an unhappy segment, more or less dimly conscious and complaining of your incompleteness. You see I am a believer in the exploded theory of "matches made in Heaven." Yes, I am; for I have seen four such matches in my life, and I do not exaggerate when I say that for them the millennium was already come. But I have been lucky; for such matches are exceedingly rare, most people never having seen them at all.

Not only do we not marry our own wives, but frequently we never so much as see them, or if we do see them, don't know them. On the other hand, a man may see his wife, and know her to be his wife, but his wife may not know him, may never know him in this life; *vice versa* the wife may know her husband and never be known by the husband, and so on. I wish to record my experience on this subject; and if I do so in a somewhat frivolous style, it must not be inferred that I am not in earnest; the inference might be false—"many a true word is spoken in jest."

It follows, or may follow, from what has been said, that we are *all* married. Yes, that is my opinion. Now, in the eye of the law and of society, I am a bachelor, with every prospect of remaining a bachelor; but, in point of fact, and in the eye of reason, I am a married man—just as much of a married man as Brigham Young is; the only difference between us being that his wives are visible, or, to speak philosophically, phenomenal, while my wife is not, except, as before said, in the eye of reason—particularly my reason. I say again, and most emphatically, I am a married man; I say so because I know my wife, that is, I know her name, and have seen her twice. I have never been introduced to her, never spoke a word to her in the whole course of my life, and never expect to; she doesn't know me from a side of sole-leather; probably never heard of me; and if I were to go up to her and tell her she was my wife (which is the fact,) would have me put in jail or a mad-house! But, poor thing! that's no fault of hers (she being entirely ignorant of my theory, and of the eye of reason, also,) and she is my wife, to the contrary notwithstanding.

The first time, which was the next to the last time I ever saw her, was about three years ago—three years ago exactly, next February. It was in the town of Plantationton—a little, old, drowsy town, situated on the banks of a little muddy river, with a long, ugly Indian name. The stage in which I was travelling at the eventful time stopped in Plantationton, and the stage passengers dined there in a rusty old tavern, with a big worm-eaten porch, and a gangrenous, cracked bell. I got out of the stage, feeling very cramped-up and dirty, and straightway betook myself to a tin basin (there were half a dozen more on the old, hacked-up bench,) full of clear, cold spring-water, by the help of which and a piece of slippery, turpentine soap, I managed to make a very respectable ablution. My face washed, I applied it for a few minutes to a long, greasy, ragged, old tow-linen towel, that hung up on a roller fastened to a scabby old weather-boarding; then I parted my hair with the half of an old horn comb that was tied to a string, and smoothed it with a little, old, wiry, worn-out hair-brush, that was tied to another string; and then I was ready for dinner, which was not yet ready for me. Pending dinner, I sat down in a split-bottomed chair, elevated my heels, leaned back, took out my knife, and commenced paring my nails. I had seen the little old town frequently before, and didn't care to see it again, especially on a miserable, gummy, cloudy, damp, chilly day in February; and so confined my attention for some time to my fingers, of which I am rather proud. But fortunately for me, I heard an old fellow behind me say, "By dads! she's beautiful;" and looking up, saw the young lady alluded to. I wish to Heaven I had never looked down! She was standing exactly opposite me, in the front door of a dried-up wooden store; her head was turned up the street as if she was looking for somebody—and her little foot was patting the sill with the sauciest, sweetest impatience imaginable. *That young lady was my wife!* I didn't know it then, but I know it now.

She was beautiful—bewitchingly beautiful—so beautiful, that for a long time I did not know I was looking at her—didn't know I was looking at anything—didn't know anything. The joy of her presence was flowing in one uninterrupted stream through all the avenues of sense, and it was not until my soul became full to the brim of her beauty that I could say I saw at all. Whether she was dressed in silk, *berege*, delaine, or calico, I could never tell, and never cared; I remember only her little bonnet of simple straw—neat, trim, and vastly becoming, as the bonnets of pretty women always are. She was young—not more than eighteen—rather above the medium height; of round and perfect figure; her hair was golden, and her eyes were blue; her complexion pure as light itself, fresh as the dew, and glowing as the dawn. She must have felt the many eyes feeding on her cheek and brow, for she turned presently, and how instantly the impatient little foot disappeared, how archly modest the smile that illumined her lightly-blushing face! I could read her character at a glance. She was warm, and tender, and true; good, wise, merry, healthy, happy, sweet-tempered, willing, patient, loving, tidy, thrifty, and sincere, and everything a wife ought to be or could be. Why *didn't* I know she was my wife? Why didn't she come over and tell me so? Alas! we were both blind—and she remains so still!

There I sat, drinking my fill of beauty—inhaling bliss at every breath. How little did she dream of what was going on in my soul! How could she tell that her radiant image was effacing all other images from my heart, to be itself effaced for a time, but only to reappear in the hallowing and charmful hues of memory—the one solitary and sufficing ideal of my unblessed life! She saw me gazing at her, but only as she had seen hundreds gaze before.

> A primrose, told the tavern's stir,
> A yellow primrose was to her,
> And it was nothing more.

I was only a sallow-faced young man, with a black mustache and a deal of impudence. I didn't look like her husband a bit; but I was her husband for all that—I know I was.

Fair reader, let us here moralize a little. But no: I am not good at that, and, besides, I am too prolix any way. Yet remember, beautiful maiden, and be watchful of your looks; for, all unknown to yourself, you may be shaping for life, and perhaps for life beyond life, the destiny of some ill-looking biped who glares at you from the opposite side of the street!

All the other stage passengers, and all the tobacco-spitting loungers about the tavern, were gazing at her as well as myself; she knew it, too—the little rogue!—and was pleased, as she ought to have been. She ceased to look for that somebody up the street, who never came, and stole a sweet, bright glance toward us, as if to say: "I can't help being pretty, indeed I can't. I am glad you think me so, and you may look as long as you please: I shan't charge you anything."

Bless her sweet little soul! Every man in that porch ought to have bent his knee in homage to so much beauty and goodness.

But the confounded dinner-bell rang, and the beasts in broadcloth rushed to their food just as any other beasts would have done. I am ashamed to confess it, but a most unromantic sense of propriety smote me the moment I heard that accursed bell. "It is out of the question," said I to myself, "for you to be staring that young lady out of countenance; get right up and go to your dinner. It is true you may never see so beautiful a face again, but, then, you know, your health is delicate, and it won't do to neglect so important a meal as dinner. You have a long and wearisome ride before you; besides, she don't care anything for you, and even if she did, you are in no condition to marry."

Thus did mere animal cravings prevail against the sweet appeals of beauty; and thus (as the last clause of my mental argumentation abundantly shows) did my mind unconsciously refuse to entertain the possibility of a rejection, and so assert the truth of the statement I have made, namely, that she was my wife. The world will call this vanity, but I call it intuition or spontaneous unconscious apperception. With great reluctance I rose up as if to go; she saw that all except myself had gone, but still stood in the front door of that dried-up old store, patting the sill once more with the tip of her tiny little slipper. She was so good she could not refuse to gladden even one poor mortal with the light of her blessed countenance. It flashed across my mind that I might save fifty cents by missing my dinner; avarice had come to the aid of beauty, and I sat down again. But hunger (yes, miserable human that I am, it was hunger) defeated them both.

Ah! if I had only known then as much as I know now, how differently I would have acted. I would have dismissed the contemptible subject of dinner, and, having summoned a waiter, would have addressed him thus: "Boy, do you see that old red trunk in the boot of the stage yonder? Well, just take that trunk off; I am so pleased with your lovely village that I intend to stay here until I get married." The young lady on the opposite side of the street would have heard me; it would have produced a deep impression on her (and first impressions, you know, are everything;) I would have remained in my seat until the young lady left; I would have eaten my dinner in peace; afterward I would have donned my new doeskin breeches and my new black coat; then, by hook or by crook, I would have procured an introduction to my wife; and after a while I would have married her—there's no doubt about it. Although I was poor, her beauty and her love would have made me rich; my love for her would have made me strong and able to work; by this time I would have acquired a standing in society—I would have been happy.

But I sold my wife for a mess of red pottage—I went in to dinner. When I reached the door of the dining-room I hesitated; went back to the porch and commenced gazing at my wife as before. She saw me, and gave me a smile; upon my honor she did. It was the sweetest smile I ever received. I may have valued smiles before, but it is certain I have never valued one since. What ever made me return to the dining-room after receiving so great a favor, I could never remember. It was so fated. I did go back to the dining-room, hurried through my dinner, which had become cold and indigestible, and hurried back to the porch. *She had gone!*

The stage was waiting for me; I jumped in, and it rattled out of the little old town. We had not gone many miles before the consequences of hasty eating brought on a terrible attack of dyspepsia. I became painfully aware that I had lost my dinner and my fifty cents; but I did not know I had lost my wife—*I forgot her!* I was returning, after a long absence, to my native city, to enter upon a new and untried profession; and there were a thousand things to occupy my attention to the exclusion not only of wives, but even of sweethearts. *So I lost my wife and didn't know it!* And so, I imagine, most of us lose our wives.

About a year and a half afterward—that is, about one year ago—having failed in business, as an aimless, unmarried—that is, phenomenally unmarried—man is very apt to do; though it doesn't make much difference if such a man does fail, especially after he has lost his wife—having failed in business, I say, and having nothing to do, I returned to Plantationton, not in the stage, but in the cars, the railroad having been in the meantime completed. So completely had my wife gone out of my mind, that I did not once think of her when I sat down in the old tavern porch and looked over at the dried-up little store, in the door of which I had seen her patting her little foot so prettily. I ordered a buggy and drove out to my uncle's, about three miles from town, and spent many pleasant weeks there during the hot summer months. Being a young man of a marriageable age, my relations very naturally offered to introduce me to the marriageable ladies of the neighborhood. I expressed my willingness. Which sort did I fancy; fair or dark, blonde or brunette? Fair, by all means; who ever heard of a sallow man fancying a woman of his own complexion? Oh! then, I ought to have been here a year ago; there was a young lady living in town, a great friend of ours, perfectly beautiful, and the very best girl in all the world, who would have suited me exactly. Ah, who was she? Miss Jenny So-and-so. Jenny? the very name I want my wife to have; describe her to me. They described her. It was the identical young lady I had seen standing in the old store. I became excited, and my pulse rose as I asked the question—"Where is she now?" "Oh! she has been married a long time to Mr. Thingamy, and lives now in the city of Jucksburg, about a hundred miles from here." My pulse sank; not because I knew she was my wife (*that* is quite a recent discovery), and I had lost her; but for the good and sufficient reason (which authors have but lately had the honesty to avow) that every bachelor feels himself defrauded when a pretty woman marries. From the bottom of my heart I wished Mr. Thingamy and the city of Jucksburg had been at the bottom of the sea before they ever had heard of the beautiful Miss Jenny. I felt indignant she should have displayed so much haste to get married; and I refused to be introduced to any body in the neighborhood of my uncle's. But whenever conversation (as it will often do, in the best of families) turned on the subject of young ladies, my uncle's family were sure to bring their favorite Miss Jenny forward as a paragon of beauty, sweetness, good-breeding, good every thing. As often as this would happen an unaccountable depression and feeling of loneliness and bereavement would come over me, and last for hours. I can now account for it—it was the as yet inarticulate, unintelligible premonition—a species of spontaneous, unconscious apperception—of nature, protesting against, and at the same time preparing me for, the full consciousness of the great loss I had sustained in losing my wife. My uncle had named a beautiful kitten after her; do you wonder that I petted Jenny, and fed her and caressed her every day I remained in the country? I do not. I am naturally fond of cats, and that, they say, is a sign I am going to be an old bachelor. Well, what if it is?

When the summer was ended, I left my uncle's and returned home; still ignorant that I had lost my wife, and forgetting her as before. For nearly a year I knocked about among the young ladies, falling now a little in love, and then falling out again; charging myself with fickleness and want of decision of character, and wondering greatly why I could not fall really in love with anybody. Poor fool! I didn't know that there was nobody left to love; I was married and didn't know it. Many a man is in the same fix.

Things remained in this condition until about a month ago, when, having failed a second time in business, I concluded to spend another summer at my uncle's. The cars dropped me at Plantationton; I went to the same old tavern, sat down in the same old porch, in the same old split-bottomed chair, and looked over at the same old store, and there, by Heaven! stood my wife, in almost the very spot I had first seen her! She was waiting for her husband, who was following with the nurse and child. Her husband was a dark-skinned fellow—almost as dark as myself, and not very unlike me. I have since expended some severe thought on this resemblance between me, the spiritual husband, and Thingamy, the phenomenal husband of my wife, and it is perfectly plain to my mind that, under the influence of the same spontaneous, unconscious apperception, she was trying her very best to marry me; in fact, did marry as near me as she possibly could. How that fact has made me love her!

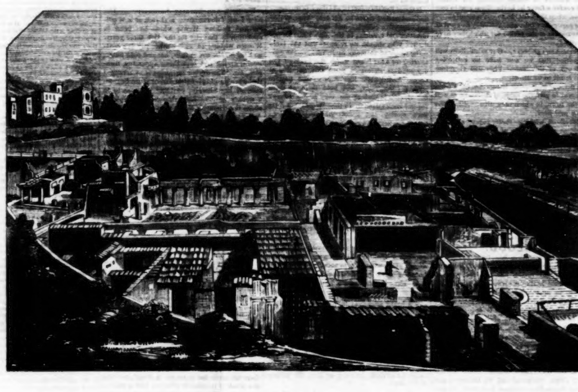
The whole party had come down on the same train with me, and I had not known it. Fate again. They stood opposite me for some time, apparently resting, and I had the second and last (I know it will be the last) long, good look at her. She was greatly changed. No longer the same buxom, blooming girl I had seen years before, patting her pretty foot against the sill, but a beautiful woman, infinitely lovelier than the girl; pale, but beautiful as the bright fulfillment of the perfect day is beautiful. More beautiful than the rosiest hues of the uncertain dawn; thin, but beautiful as thought and loving cares beautify and make delicate mere matter; older looking, but possessed of that ineffable charm which only the realization of woman's destiny can impart to woman. I gazed on her, not with breathless admiration as at first, but with calm, intelligent adoration. Positively, hers was and is the sweetest human face in all this world. Nothing, absolutely nothing was wanting from those pale and gentle features; they expressed all that a wife and mother ought to be. And even as I gazed, there came into my soul that strange pain of vacuity and deprivation—a numb and formless hurt—which needed only the light of reflection to assume the acuteness of thought, the permanence of knowledge.

From that day I have known she was my wife; how I knew it and why I knew it, has been told already, or if not told, never will be, for it never can be. The knowledge or conviction, if you prefer to call it so, grows on me; it increases with the increasing light of morning, is revealed in the splendor of high noon, deepens in the pensive summer twilight, and rises with the tutelary stars. The winds tell of it to the melancholy trees; the waters repeat it with their many liquid voices. It is written in cloudy hieroglyphs upon the distant sky; it is the shadow thrown upon the plain of life by the sun of hope which sinks behind my heart—enlarging and to enlarge, darkening and to increase in darkness until the night of death. It is—but I am getting absurd.

Shall I remain a bachelor? dwindle down and shrivel up into an *old bachelor*? Never! Since I cannot marry my own wife, I'll marry the wife of somebody else; and if I could only find the wife of the man who married my wife, I'd marry her in spite of fate. And if I could only ride about in the cars with a plenty of nurses and children, and Thingamy could see me and know my theory, I should be perfectly satisfied.

Dear reader, take warning by me; study my theory; it was written for you, and for the whole human race. Try to cultivate your spontaneous, unconscious apperception. And if ever you sit down in an old tavern porch and see a beautiful young lady on the opposite side of the street, don't wait for dinner, but go right over and demand her in marriage. You may be mistaken; she may not be your wife; she may be already married; but no matter, it is your duty to make the effort. If you don't, you'll regret it; you will find yourself in my predicament. You may see me any day struggling through the weeds of my uncle's wheat-patch, looking like a sheep-killing dog, and feeling as mean as gar-broth. No wonder; I have lost my wife!

Our Picture Gallery.



HERCULANEUM—FROM A RECENT SKETCH.

The view presented of Herculaneum is taken from an entirely new point, and was suggested by Cav. Bonucci, the director of the excavations in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, in whose company (says Mr. Wreford) we recently visited this interesting site. Vesuvius, which is visible in the distance, was then just beginning to pour forth its liquid fire, and report threatened these ruins, so lately disinterred, with a second entombment. Yet nearer, we see some portion of the modern city which is erected on the ashes and lava of the mountain, and effectually prevents all further excavation towards the north. Happily for modern taste and refinement there was no superstructure to the south and west of this point, and to this fact we are indebted for those wonders of art which, within the last century, have created a revolution in the domestic habits and tastes of the world. The height of the modern above the old Roman city is well marked by the houses on the left, and also by cutting in the soil around; and nothing shows more clearly the oblivion which awaits human grandeur than the fact that a city which abounded in the richest works of art should have slumbered unnoticed for so many centuries under so thin a crust of soil. On the right of the picture the excavations have been terminated. No other ruins are found in this direction, as at the time of the great catastrophe, the sea came up to this point; and the ground on which those gaily-festooned vines appear (purchased for the purpose of excavation) is about to be exchanged for the yet untried ground in front. Here, it is anticipated that treasures of art will be found—for beyond those colonnades, and underneath the soil, lies the Forum. Close to this site was discovered the celebrated equestrian statue of Balbus, and here, said an *employé*, we hope to find enough wherewith to fit up another Museum. The hopes of the antiquary, therefore, in Naples, are much excited as regards the future of Herculaneum. When they will be gratified is another question, for, though the ground may be said to be almost in the hands of the Government, everything moves on at a wearisome pace in this country. Excavations on a very small scale were begun this year during the month of May, and on several occasions we accompanied Cav. Bonucci on his visits of inspection and superintendence. The site was the right-hand corner of the city, and just facing us. Two men are seen to stand above the site.—After working for some days, an order came from the Supreme Director to suspend the operations, on the ground that there was danger of the superincumbent soil falling in, and that the success of the excavations scarcely justified their being proceeded with farther. The order had, however, very much the appearance of being a caprice of power, for too little had been done to enable any one to pronounce so summarily, and we ourselves saw enough to render perseverance highly desirable. In several rooms we observed novel patterns in fresco which could not have belonged to an apartment of a very inferior character, and which held out the promise therefore of finding some valuable work of art. As it was, the only piece of furniture we observed was a bronze cooking-vessel neatly worked, and containing the maker's name on the handle. The point from which we took the Sketch is highly interesting, not merely as presenting a new and entire view of the city, but as embracing distant objects of picturesque and historical celebrity. Beginning with the modern city, the eye sweeps round the horizon, taking in, one after the other, Vesuvius, Sorrento, and finally Capri—crouching, like a lion at the entrance of the Bay of Naples." Its irregular outline can be just seen above the surface of the blue and sparkling waters.—H. WREFORD, *in the London Illustrated News.*

Foreign Letter.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE—A MOHAMMEDAN SOIREE—UNEXPECTED GUESTS—CROWNS AND CRADLES—WAR TO THE KNIFE—A NEW FIELD FOR ENTERPRISE—INLAYINGS AND MOSAICS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

PARIS, Oct. 18, 1855.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The announcement recently published in the *Moniteur*, fixing the ceremony of the closing of the Exhibition for the 15th of November, has called forth so general an expression of regret that this marvellous collection of *chef d'œuvres* of so many kinds should be scattered to the four winds of Heaven almost before it is complete, that it is thought the Government would consent to leave it open through the winter, were it not for the increasing coldness of the season, which renders the attendance of the Exhibitors and Agents a much more onerous task than it has hitherto been. Though so short a time ago the temperature of the Galleries was almost that of an African jungle, we have already had two or three days so sharp as to threaten an early winter; and many of the agents are suffering from violent colds, which it is almost impossible to avoid taking in the chilly atmosphere of the Palace, full of currents of air, and rendered still more uncomfortable by the frequent waterings necessary to keep down the dust, which would be so injurious to the delicate and costly objects it contains. The Exhibitors are, moreover, exceedingly weary of their long attendance, and are longing to be released.

As, therefore, it would seem inexpedient to keep the Palace open beyond the period appointed for the closing, while a very natural regret is felt at the thought of the Exhibition being so soon broken up, it is now proposed to obtain the consent of the Government to reopen it in May next. Petitions to this effect have been drawn up and left in various parts of the city, and at the Exhibitors' doors of the Palace for signatures. What answer the Emperor will make to the petition can hardly be predicted; and will probably depend upon the number and importance of the signatures.

The grand soiree offered by the Exhibitors to Prince Napoleon last Monday evening, in the splendid suite of apartments at the new Hotel du Louvre, lent to them for the occasion by the proprietors of that stupendous establishment, was as brilliant as lights and flowers could make it. But as the Exhibitors were ungallant enough to invite no ladies to their gathering, the fine music was very much thrown away; and the gentlemen were reduced to pass their evening in walking up and down the room, to the sound of quadrilles and waltzes, to which it would have been vastly more amusing to have danced. The great covered Court, which was splendidly adorned in the style of the *fetes* given by Louis the Fourteenth, was abundantly supplied with refreshments; and the guests seemed to find great relief from the monotony of the evening by frequent visits to this apartment. Roger, of the opera, opened the evening by a song in honor of Labor; and Prince Napoleon walked through the rooms, attended by the Committee, and did not disdain to do honor to the attractions of the refreshment-room.

The Duke and Duchess of Brabant, after their long journeying in Africa, are now here, on a visit to the Emperor. Much surprise has been felt at seeing a descendant of Louis Philippe thus accepting the hospitality of the present ruler of the French. The young Prince and his very pretty wife have been received with great distinction by Louis Napoleon, who has been very busy all the week in doing the honors of this gay capital to his guests.

The official announcement of the approaching birth of an heir to the Imperial Crown has at last been made in the *Moniteur*. The Bonapartists are in great jubilation thereupon, and the large party who, without being warm partizans of the Emperor, yet uphold him from the desire of quiet, and the fear of what might happen were he overthrown, are also much rejoiced at the prospect of stability held out by the announcement of a direct heir. But so many chances may cut short the Emperor's life long before the expected heir may be old enough to succeed him, that the announcement can hardly be considered as having taken any special hold on public interest.

The general opinion seems to be that the task of the Government during the coming winter, with high prices, scarcity of provisions, and the permanent drain of the war to contend with, will be the hardest pull it has yet been called upon to make; and it must be confessed that the difficulties in its way are both many and formidable.

The butchers are very angry at the late measures intended to check their rapacity by submitting meat, like bread, to a regular tariff. Several have refused to submit to the new regulations, and have been fined one hundred dollars in consequence, according to the provisions of the new law. It seems probable that the great scarcity of food of all kinds, now beginning to be so severely felt here, will afford the Emperor an opportunity for introducing certain changes in the customs-regulations which it is believed he only waits for a favorable moment to undertake. Various admirable methods of preserving both meat and vegetables have lately been invented; and only need to be carried out by a few spirited capitalists to effect a revolution in the markets of Europe. The Emperor is said to have sent one of the inventors, whose methods have lately been tested and found to be perfectly successful, to South America, to organise an exportation of the preserved flesh of the wild animals and game so plentiful upon that Continent, and which would be so valuable an addition to the resources of the old world. Might it not be worth the attention of some of the enterprising inhabitants of the United States, to form a company for a similar exportation of game from the great hunting-grounds of the West?

Among the most curious and beautiful things to be found in the Exhibition, are the various species of inlayings and mosaics contributed by the various nations, almost all of them showing some variety of this ancient and universally-prac-ticed mode of ornamentation. Austria, Belgium, Prussia and France show samples of inlaid floorings, of most complicated design, and great beauty of finish; as intricate, and as rich, as a carpet, or a piece of damasked linen; and every country represented in the great show, without, I think, a single exception, sends specimens of inlaid furniture, woods of various colors, brass, silver, ivory, &c., being used to form arabesques, landscapes, and bunches of flowers by every people among whom Industry has risen beyond the first rude stages of the merely necessary. Tunis, Ceylon, and the Sandwich Islands send examples of this art; rude indeed, but not without a certain grace that may be regarded as a promise of better things.

The most marvellous things in this line, however, are the Persia-work and small mosaic pictures in the Indian Department; the inlaid table-tops from Florence, and the mosaic pictures from Rome. As to the Persia-work, the exquisite inlaying of minute bits of green and black ivory and silver into boxes, screens, tables, &c., of fine white ivory, in arabesque patterns of inconceivable intricacy and richness—who does not already know it, though none but Eastern fingers have ever been able to produce it. But wonderful as is this work of skill and patience, the series of tiny mosaic pictures, done upon a ground of snowy ivory, and representing the tombs of native potentates near Agra, a view of Kootab Minar near Delhi, the famous temples of Rujeet Sing at Umritzur, and that, yet more renowned, of Lucknow—a fairy dream in marble—are more astounding yet. Indeed, nothing among all the costly and marvellous things to be found in the Exhibition, is more astonishing than are these matchless mosaics, incredibly minute, yet rendering every detail with the most scrupulous fidelity, and so full of air, of sunshine, and of life, that one seems, in gazing upon them, to be transported bodily into that land of splendor, mystery, castes, and perfumes.

The Roman pictures, just alluded to, are of considerable size, say some eight feet by four, and even longer; and giving magnificent views of the most renowned points of the Eternal City, sunny, breezy, and *real* as the most masterly painting; and of a richness and warmth of tone that no pencil could surpass; they offer a noble refutation of the charges of being merely mechanical workmen, artisans and not artists, too often and too lightly brought against the patient mosaic-worker, sometimes, at all events, as passionate an adorer of his art, and as true a genius, as his brother of the brush.

The inlaid table-tops from Florence are of various dimensions, and consist of slabs of black, colored, or white marble, ornamented with the most exquisite groups of fruit and flowers, formed entirely of precious stones. Among many which might be cited as master-pieces, the most remarkable is the one executed by Getano Bianchini, which is nearly five feet in diameter, in a slab of superb black marble. In the centre of the table is a dove, perched on an olive-branch, with which are blended ears of ripe wheat, symbolising Peace and Plenty, so generally found in company; and around this central group are bees, flying outwards toward a wreath of vine-leaves and grapes, to signify the Strength, Prosperity and Joy that are (or should be!) the reward of Industry, typified by the bees. Beyond this wreath is a row of graceful ornaments in arabesque, connected by rings incrusted with emeralds; beyond these again, are eight bunches of flowers, of the natural size, all different, and disposed at regular intervals, in a circle; in the four corners of the table are four elegant tazzas in yellow jasper, filled with fruits in jaspers of various shades, garnets and cornelians; while the edge is encircled with a magnificent row of pearls and topazes, last allusion to the riches resulting from Peace and Labor. The dove and the white flowers are formed of agate, cornelian, and onyx; the grapes are in amethyst of various shades; the bees in lapis, and the leaves in jasper, blood-stone, &c. This sort of work is enormously costly, as the gems employed are often cut up and wasted in the search after some particular bit of shading, to be supplied by some defective portion of the stone.

In the case of the table in question, as I learn from one who knows him well, the maker has embarked all the resources at his command, laboring at his task with the self-forgetful zeal of an artist of the middle ages, animated by no hope of gain, but simply by an intense desire to do honor to his art;—an aim in which he has certainly succeeded.

QUANTUM.

AN ANCIENT MARRIAGE INVITATION.—The simplicity of our Philadelphia forefathers in most matters is often worthy of admiration, and might be imitated by the present generation with profit. What can be more simple and beautiful than the following invitation to a marriage, issued in the year 1746?

"*Respect'd Fr'd*—My sweet-heart as well as myself desire, (if it may suit thy convenience and freedom,) that thou wilt favor us with thy company at our marriage, which is intended to be at Burl'n the 4th of next month. I am thy respectful AARON ASHBRIDGE."

THE PERPLEXED HOUSEKEEPER.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

I wish I had a dozen pairs
Of hands this very minute;
I'd soon put all these things to rights—
The very deuce is in it!

Here's a big washing to be done,
One pair of hands to do it;
Sheets, shirts and stockings, coats and pants,
How will I e'er get through it!

Dinner to get for six or more,
No loaf left o'er from Sunday;
And baby cross as he can live—
He's always so on Monday.

And there's the cream, 'tis getting sour,
And must forthwith be churning,
And here's Bob wants a button on—
Which way shall I be turning?

'Tis time the meat was in the pot,
The bread was worked for baking,
The clothes were taken from the boil—
Oh, dear! the baby's waking!

Hush, baby, dear! there, hush-sh-sh!
I wish he'd sleep a little,
Till I could run and get some wood
To hurry up that kettle.

Oh, dear! if P—— comes home,
And finds things in this pother,
He'll just begin to tell me all
About his tidy mother!

How nice her kitchen used to be,
Her dinner always ready
Exactly when the noon-bell rung—
Hush, hush! dear little Freddy.

And then will come some hasty word,
Right out before I'm thinking—
They say that hasty words from wives
Set sober men to drinking.

Now, isn't that a great idea,
That men should take to sinning,
Because a weary, half-sick wife
Can't always smile so *winning*?

When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble,
Had clothes and pocket-money, too,
And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate,
When I, a-lass! was courted—
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper, chambermaid, laundress, dairy woman and scrub generally—doing the work of six—
For the sake of being supported!

SMART CHILDREN.—*A child of three years of age, with a book in its infant hands, is a fearful sight.* It is too often the death-warrant, such as the condemned stupidly looks at—fatal, yet beyond his comprehension. What should a child three years old—nay, five or six years old—be taught? Strong meats for weak digestions make not bodily strength. Let there be nursery tales and nursery rhymes. I would say to every parent, especially every mother, sing to your children; tell them pleasant stories; if in the country, be not too careful lest they get a little dirt upon their hands and clothes; earth is very much akin to us all, and in children's out-of-door plays, soils them not inwardly. There is in it a kind of consanguinity between all creatures; by it we touch upon the common sympathy of our first substance, and beget a kindness for our poor relations, the brutes. Let children have a free, open air sport, and fear not though they make acquaintance with the pigs, the donkeys, and the chickens; they may form worse friendships with wiser-looking ones. Encourage a familiarity with all that love them; dumb animals love children, and children love them. There is a language among them which the world's language obliterates in the elders. It is of more importance that you should make your children loving than that you should make them wise. Above all things, make them loving; and then, parents, if you become old and poor, these will be better than friends that will neglect you. Children brought up lovingly at your knees, will never shut their doors upon you, and point where they would have you go.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ "Wiggins, what era in the world's history do you regard with the deepest horror?" "The *chol-era*!" gasped Wiggins, with a spasmodic shudder.

Selected Articles.

THE FRENCH IN ALGERIA: THE LIONS.

We make the following extract from a recent number of an English journal:

The French are to be thanked by the rest of Europe for many things they have done in Algeria; for many things which have been harshly criticised, and for much even which they could not help doing. The Arab has been too long regarded as a purely poetic object. It will clear our vision to rest assured that, if the inhabitants of the north coast of Africa had been allowed to have their own way, without control or interference, the Mediterranean waters might still be swarming with the pirates of Morocco, Tunis, and Algiers, and many a Christian family might have to mourn a member still pining in Mohammedan slavery.

But the Arabs are brave. They look down on European grandeur with insufferable disdain. The mission of the French, therefore, has been to subdue them by a moral victory. If you do good amongst them by giving to the poor, they will say you don't know what to do with your money; and will not think a bit the better of you for it. If you do good by rendering strict justice, they will say you do this to conciliate their good opinion; to convert them to your belief, your customs, your religion; and they will be distrustful of you. If you prove yourself bolder and stronger than they, they will hold you in respect and veneration. You will overawe them always and everywhere. They will not dare to look you in the face. You risk your life, therefore, not solely for your own pleasure, but for civilized Europe, for your native land.

What the Arabs fear most, after God, is the lion. To destroy him they usually make use of a stratagem. They decoy him into a hole, and butcher him there. They also murder him beneath the screen of solid-built subterranean retreats called melbedas, or from the tops of trees to which they have climbed. Rarely do they attack him openly; and when they do, it is a battle in which the victory is dearly bought, even when the victory is on their side. But never has an Arab, alone or in company, dared to march against a lion, or to await him unprotected by shelter during the night. The insolent pride of this people has been lowered by the sporting feats of a single Frenchman.

This Frenchman is M. Jules Gerard, lieutenant of the third regiment of Spahis, who has received from the Arabs the surname of the "lion-killer." How much they have reason to prize such a hero will be seen by the following extract:

The lion's existence is divided into two distinct parts, which make him to a certain extent, two distinct animals, and have given rise to the numberless errors respecting him. These two parts are the night and the day. By day his habit is to retire into the forest, away from noise, to digest and sleep at his ease. Because a man has chanced to meet face to face, by day, a lion whom the flies or sun has compelled to shift his quarters, or who was driven by thirst to the nearest brook, it has been said that the lion will not attack man; it has been forgotten that the animal was half asleep, and also had his stomach full. In a country like Algeria, literally covered with flocks and herds, the lion is never hungry during the day. The natives, fully aware of that, take care to keep at home at the hour when the lion leaves his den; and, if they are obliged to travel by night, they never do so alone or on foot.

It is difficult to estimate the destruction of life and property caused in Africa by lions. One lion, whose acquaintance was specially sought after by M. Gerard, had been domiciled in the range of hills called Jabel-Krounega, for more than thirty years. During that time, his maintenance must have cost the neighborhood no small trifle. From the age of eight months to a year, lion-whelps begin to attack the flocks of sheep and goats which, during the day, come into the neighborhood of their home. Sometimes they attack cattle; but they are still so clumsy, that there are often ten wounded for one killed, and their father is obliged to interfere. It is not before they are two years old that young lions are able to strangle a horse, a bullock or a camel, by a single bite in the throat, and to clear the hedges, over six feet high, by which the douars are supposed to be protected. The period from one to two years of age is absolutely ruinous to the country; in fact, the amiable family kill not merely to feed themselves but to learn how to kill. It is easy to imagine the expense of such an apprenticeship to those who have to supply the materials worked upon. The Arabs, on pitching their tents in a fresh spot, calculate as follows: So much for me, so much for the government, and so much for the lion; and the lion has the lion's share. Lions are not adult till they are eight years old. At that age they have acquired their complete strength; and the male, a third larger than the female, has his full mane. Do not judge of wild lions from the degenerate individuals whom you behold in menageries. The latter have been taken from the teat, and brought up like tame rabbits, not with their mothers' milk, open air life, and liberty; but with insufficient and unhealthy diet. Hence their mean and slender proportions, their wretched physiognomy, and their scanty mane, which make them resemble poodle dogs, and would cause them to be disowned by their fellow brutes in a state of nature, who live well by plundering the Arabs on whom they lay a tax ten times heavier than that which is paid by the state. A lion's life lasts from thirty to forty years. He annually kills or consumes six thousand francs' ($1,200) worth of horses, mules, oxen, camels, and sheep. Taking the average length of his existence, every lion costs the Arabs two hundred and ten thousand francs ($40,000.) The thirty lions at this moment to be found in the province of Constantine, and who will be replaced by others arriving from the regency of Tunis or Morocco, cost a hundred and eighty thousand francs annually. In the districts where M. Gerard habitually shoots, the Arab who pays five francs in taxes to the state, pays fifty to the lion. The natives have destroyed half the woods of Algeria to keep these dangerous animals at a greater distance. The French authorities, in the hope of putting a stop to the fires which threaten to destroy the forests completely, inflict heavy fines on the Arabs who act as incendiaries. What happens? The Arabs club to pay the fines, and the fires go on as destructively as ever.

The lion's black-mail on property is exacting enough; now for that on human life. In summer time, when the days are long, the black-maned lion (there are three varieties of lion in Algeria,) leaves his den at sunset, and takes his post by the side of a mountain-path, to wait for the late travelling horsemen and foot passengers. An Arab of M. Gerard's acquaintance, in such a rencontre, dismounted, took off the bridle and saddle, and ran away, carrying on his head the equipment of his horse, which was immediately strangled before his eyes. But things do not always turn out so well; and whether on foot or mounted, travellers seldom get clear off if they are once in the presence of the black-maned lion.

☞ A DUTCHMAN'S PROGNOSTICATION.—A friend asked a Dutchman, the other day, what kind of a winter he thought we should have. The Dutchman, drawing himself up with an air of philosophic equanimity, and an oracular snap of the eye, said: "I dink she vill be werry cold dis vinter or werry *hot*—one of them *bote*!"

THE FIRST TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE.

We find in an exchange paper, the following interesting account of Prof. Morse's successful efforts to establish the telegraph:—

He now returned to his native land, from Europe, and proceeded immediately to Washington, where he renewed his endeavors to procure the passage of the bill granting the appropriation of thirty thousand dollars. Towards the close of the session of 1844, the House of Representatives took it up and passed it by a large majority, and it only remained for the action of the Senate. Its progress through this House, as might be supposed, was watched with the most intense anxiety by Prof. Morse. There were only two days before the close of the session, and it was found on examination of the calendar, no less than one hundred and forty-three bills had precedence of it. Prof. Morse had nearly reached the bottom of his purse, his hard-earned savings were almost spent, and although he had struggled on with undying hope for many years, it is hardly to be wondered at if he felt disheartened now. On the last night of the session, he remained till nine o'clock, and then left without the slightest hope that the bill would be passed. He returned to his hotel, counted his money, and found that after paying his expenses to New York, he would have seventy-five cents left. That night he went to bed sad, but not without hope for the future, for through all his difficulties and trials, that never forsook him. The next morning, as he was going to breakfast, one of the waiters informed him that a lady was in the parlor waiting to see him. He went in immediately, and found that the young lady was Miss Ellsworth, daughter of the Commissioner of Patents, who had been his most steadfast friend while in Washington.

"I come," said she, "to congratulate you."

"For what?" said Prof. Morse.

"On the passage of your bill," she replied.

"Oh, no—you must be mistaken," said he. "I remained in the Senate till a late hour last night, and there was no prospect of its being reached."

"Am I the first, then," she exclaimed joyfully, "to tell you?"

"Yes, if it is really so."

"Well," she continued, "father remained till the adjournment, and heard it passed, and I asked him if I might not run over and tell you."

"Annie," said the Professor, his emotion almost choking his utterance, "Annie, the first message that is sent from Washington to Baltimore, shall be sent from you."

"Well," she replied, "I will keep you to your word."

While the line was in process of completion, Prof. Morse was in New York, and upon receiving intelligence that it was in working order, he wrote to those in charge telling them not to transmit any messages over it till his arrival. He then set out immediately for Washington, and on reaching that city, sent a note to Miss Ellsworth, informing her that he was now ready to fulfil his promise, and asked her what message he should send.

To this he received the following reply:—"*What hath God wrought!*"—words that ought to be written in characters of living light. The message was twice repeated, and each time with the greatest success. As soon as the result of the experiment was made known, Governor Seymour, of Connecticut, called upon Prof. Morse and claimed the first message for his State, on the ground that Miss Ellsworth was a native of Hartford. We need scarcely add, that his claim was admitted, and now, engraved in letters of gold, it is displayed conspicuously in the archives of the Historical Society of Connecticut.

SELLING A MORMON WIFE.

A Salt Lake correspondent of Putnam's Magazine tells the following—which seems almost to exceed belief:—

I have just heard a story of that wonderful saint, ———, which, told anywhere else, or of anybody else, I would not credit for a moment. Here, however, where the ordinary rules of religion and morality are reversed—where roguery is commendable and prostitution a virtue—I am justified in believing anything.

Some two years and a-half ago, the redoubtable ——— was appointed to a mission in Chili; and though, on such occasions, they pretend to go without purse or scrip, as commanded in apostolic times, yet these are only pretences for the uninitiated, and a pretext for the universal beggary which they practice. It happened in this emergency, that ———'s money market was in a crisis; but this was not the worst of it; he had borrowed so often, forgetting to pay, that his exceedingly bland manner had lost its influence. He was in a fair way of starting on his mission in a far more apostolic fashion than suited his inclinations.

But ——— is a man of resources under difficulties. His house was somewhat over-stocked with wives, and as they are a species of property here, having a marketable value, it occurred to him that he might drive a good bargain with Walker, the *Indian* chief, who, with a band of Utes, was holding a talk with the authorities of the city. He accordingly proposed to the chief to "swap" one of his white squaws for ten horses, a proposition which was at once accepted.

Martha, a good-natured English girl, was the inmate of his harem chosen for this exchange, and the heartless wretch informed her of the transaction, and bade her prepare for this new phase in her eventful life, with the smiling aspect with which he would have invited her to visit their next-door neighbor. The poor thing was greatly shocked. She had lived long enough with the brute to learn that he concealed, under a friendly garb, a heart of supreme indifference to the feelings and happiness of others; yet, to be spared such a fate, she prostrated herself before him in agonizing entreaty, though in vain.

A few days, however, intervened before the "swap" could be finally consummated, and these few days did the work of years upon the poor crushed woman. Her cheeks became sunken and pallid; her countenance exhibited the deep-drawn lines of unmistakable agony; and finally, when she was brought face to face with Walker, with eyes red and swollen with weeping, the savage turned his back with disgust, saying, "no no want old white squaw." The bargain fell through, and there is enough of secrecy hanging over the affair to enable the rascal, liar as he is, to deny that it ever had existence.

This notable expedient having failed, ——— was again in trouble; but just then he heard of a female friend, who had lately received a sum of money from some source, and from her he procured the requisite supplies, and proceeded to his post. His mission, however, proved unsuccessful. The Chilians turned a deaf ear, alike to the merits of Joseph Smith and the eloquence of the great ———. His means finally melted away, and, in wandering back, he found himself at San Bernardino, in a state of great destitution. While waiting at this point, a train came in from Salt Lake; and the wagon-master, who had gathered a few hundred dollars of hard earnings, was wheedled to place them in the itching palm of the wily hypocrite. With this timely supply, the baffled missionary purchased mules, and returned to his harem, the forgiving Martha ready and willing to draw the veil over her past trials. It is needless to say that the wagon-master has made unavailing efforts to obtain a repayment of his money.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.

WEEKLY EDITION, BETWEEN 80,000 AND 90,000.

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But the mind requires a wider range—it has faculties which delight in the humorous and lively, the imaginative and poetical. These faculties also must have their appropriate food, else they become enfeebled, and, as a consequence, the intellect becomes narrow and one-sided, and is not able to take an enlarged and generous view of human nature and its destiny. To satisfy these Heaven-implanted cravings of our mental being, we devote a fair proportion of the Post to FICTION, POETRY and HUMOR.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1855.

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The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that such of our old friends, the Post-Masters, as do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to raise Clubs, &c.

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"S. B." is respectfully declined.

A CLOUD.

Considerable attention has been excited by the statement in the recent foreign advices, that the British government has resolved to reinforce its West India squadron, with direct reference to an apprehended difficulty either with the American government or American adventurers. The additional vessels ordered to the West Indies, are the Powerful, 84, the Cornwallis, 60, the Pembroke, 60, and the Rosamond. The Powerful goes first to Lisbon before starting for Jamaica. She takes supernumeraries for the Neptune and St. George, three deckers, at Lisbon, and also for the squadron in the West India station. These two last named ships, (Neptune and St. George,) now that the Neapolitan business is settled, are also expected to go to the North American station—making six additional vessels in all.

As to the real purpose of Great Britain, in thus strengthening her naval force in the West Indies, opinions of course are divided. To suppose it is from fear of a filibustering expedition against Ireland, as the *London Times* more than insinuates, would be a marvellous exercise of credulity. That the vessels really [illegible]

[illegible]

suppose, with honor. And the result of such a conflict would be ruinous to both, advantageous to neither, and probably settle nothing beyond the fact that they could hurt each other prodigiously.

For it must be remembered in this connection, that the ocean is no longer the barrier it was once supposed to be. The Crimea is nearly as distant from France and England as we are. And yet France alone is said to have sent 200,000 men, 40,000 horses, and the requisite materials for so large an army. In a just and necessary war, we should dare all the power of the Allies, and more—but it would be folly to rush upon a struggle of life or death, from mere whim and caprice and sound of peace, or from any other reason than that it was absolutely unavoidable. Many talk of such a contest as leading to the inevitable downfall of the English monarchy and aristocracy. Such might be the result. But are we invulnerable? We should have heavy blows to take as well as give—have we no weak points, no tender as the heel of Achilles? If we have, such a war probably would test them.

Thus war, to both countries, would be madness—and, being so, all sensible men in both should see to it that they are not hurried into a hostile attitude through the folly and false ambition of their rulers. Let the taunts on both sides cease. And as to Central America, all we want is the right of speedy passage—as speedy as possible—through that fever-ridden and unlucky portion of the universe. If there be any disposition to restrict our exercise of that right, we would doubtless have to insist upon it. But we have not the least idea that anything of the kind will be attempted. As to the conquest of Central America, our peculiar and limited species of national government prevents us from holding colonies, and the Central Americans are not capable of becoming free citizens of the American Union. Therefore, if Central America were given to us, by common consent, we should be like the man who won the elephant in a raffle, and knew not what to do with him. Central America would be a constant trouble, a continual expense, and no profit or honor to us.

If Great Britain wants to add these petty, ignorant and jarring states to her other unprofitable and expensive colonies, and can do it without injustice and tyranny, in Heaven's name let her do it. Why should we re-enact that old farce—the cause of so many foolish wars—the contending for what is not worth the having? Let our sensible statesmen meet this question at once. A Republic like ours cannot acquire *peopled* possessions, and hold them as mere colonies—it is against the very genius of our federal institutions to do this. We cannot form such motley and unenlightened populations into sister States, without great danger to our liberties—therefore we can do nothing else than mortify the lust of acquisition, and let them alone. Depend upon it, that unless we adopt this rule of action, and mortify "the world, the flesh and the devil," we shall decline gradually from a Free Republic into a Roman Republic, and an Empire. As we are, we are strong enough for Prosperity and Self-Protection—and it is not the part of wisdom to add any more *populated* territory to our borders, except when that population is of so enlightened a character as to be fully capable of Self-Government.

A GOOD DEFINITION OF TRUTH.—In Hall's Journal of Health, the following remarks are made, which will apply to many who think that between truth and falsehood, instead of one wide chasm, there are a number of gradations:

We pride ourselves in being true "with a margin," as a merchant would say. To be true, only with the help of a quibble, has always and everywhere our most unmitigated contempt. Our definition of a LIE is, *an attempt to make a false impression.* Whether successful or not, the crime is the same. Whether that false impression is made by word, or mark, or sign, or shrug, or look, or false coloring; whether by the omission or addition of a single jot or tittle, or word or fact, the infamy is the same.

Quite a large class among us who would not be guilty of telling a lie direct, will not scruple a moment to give others reason to suppose, either by their manner or by garbled statements, that affairs of business or private matters are going on favorably, when a really fair explanation would prove exactly the reverse.

If blamed for pursuing this course, they are astonished, and shield themselves with the paltry subterfuge, "I have not told a lie [illegible]

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

General News.

[illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS. NOV. 16.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1855.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

DESTRUCTION OF ORDNANCE BY THE RUSSIANS.—LOSSES OF 80,000 ALLIES "AT THEIR."—HEAVY BOMBARDMENT EXPECTED.—SICKNESS AND DISEASES.

By the steamship Asia we have Liverpool dates to the 27th ult.

A telegraphic despatch was received at the Admiralty, from Admiral Lyons, announcing that, on the morning of the 16th ult., the Russians blew up the fortifications on Cockatoo point, spiking the guns, and which were taken possession of by the marine vessels of the Allies.

The report of the capture of Kinburn, by the Allies, is confirmed by the following despatch from Sir Wm. Lyons:

The three forts on the Kinburn Spit, mounting upwards of 70 guns, and garrisoned by 1,500 men, under Gen. Kalmachieh, capitulated to the Allied forces on the 17th inst., [sic] The day before yesterday, a flotilla of gun vessels towed the mortar boats into the Dnieper, and the allied troops landed on the Spit, to the southward of the forts; this, by their simultaneous operation, the retreat of the garrisons and the evacuation of the position, was effected cut off, so that the forts, being bombarded together by the mortar boats and gun vessels, and Prench floating batteries, and being closely commanded by the mortars on the Spit, were and fixtures, during only two feet of water [illegible] The Russians were obliged to retire [illegible] to the north, and the allied troops [illegible] the forts and Kinburn. The Russians [illegible] to Cherson, via Nicolaieff.

The advantage which this victory will give to the fleet of the Allies in the Sea of Azoff is great. By this success, they have doubtless opened the whole south coast to the entire maritime district of Southern Russia, and, so says the London Times, it must be a severe blow to the hopes of penetrating to the building arsenal of the Russian fleet.

The Times intimates that General Simpson, in consequence of ill health, has resigned his command, and that Gen. Codrington is to succeed him. The London journal, states that Lieutenant-General Sir J. W. Codrington is to succeed Gen. Simpson in the command of the army in the Crimea.

The Paris Moniteur, commenting on the above, says:

"Lieutenant-General Codrington, who is to succeed General Simpson, is a distinguished officer, who has rendered great services in the Peninsular War, and in the Portuguese Revolution of 1834. He was also Ambassador at Constantinople, and subsequently at Madrid, at the time of the Carlist insurrection. The forts are occupied by the allies. The Russian batteries are to be sent to Constantinople.

The Patrie publishes a confirmatory of the above, were afterwards received in Vienna. There is, however, a report that the losses in the number of prisoners who surrendered, the destruction of the Russian fleet, and the fall of Sebastopol, received by Lord Clarendon, via Vienna, at 1,500

Selected Poetry.

THE RAIL.

BY JOHN BONETWELL.

I met him in the cars
When I stepped in to say;
He bade me sit and stay
And we rode his route of care.

The conductor touched his arm,
And nodded when I came;
The brakeman knew him, too,
And smiled when I did.

The engineer looked back
Whene'er the whistle blew;
And when the train drew near
To every station-house,

A rejoicing crash before,
A dense foreboding behind,
As the locked pairs bent
Beyond the flying switch,
And a mingled sense of welcome
Lay writhing in the ditch.

With a judgment-look
My friend returned to me,
And I knew that I must walk
And share before my car,
For the duties that were his
Of the dolphin's back to dive.

* * * * * *

I was very well aware
In escaping with my life,
But my newfound friend
Commenced a legal strife,
Long thereafter waged
By my lawyer and his wife.

And he wrote me the e-suit,
In his spirit he was there,
That his case came up before
A bench of legal veterans,
Who sweated him the clean
Of $1,750.

—Knickerbocker.

Selected Articles.

INFLUENCE OF THE MONTHS.

An old writer, called "The Mirrow of Pluralacke," by "Tho. Bright, practitioner of physic and chyrurgye," and dedicated to the "singularly virtuous Mr. Raygnold Lovey," thus describes the influence of the twelve signs thereto:—

"And first," says our author, "enginee Aries in the month of March, for in that signe (my liber) God made the world, and for this signe the old Jewish philosophers gave the name of Adries that is to say, a Duke; forasmuch as Abraham made his offering to God of a ram, for his sonne Isaac, and whosoever is borne in this signe, shall be liberrate or deadlie, but he shall have grace and good inclination.

"The second signe, Taurus, raigneth in April: it hath the name of Bull; forasmuch as Iosh wrastled and strove with an angel. Whosoever is borne in this signe, shall have good success in all manner of bands and cattle of the field.

"The third signe, Gemini, raigneth in May, it hath the name of Twinnes, forasmuch as Adam and his wyve were formed and made of one kind; whosoever is borne in this signe, poor and feeble shall he be, and changeable in all manner of behaviour and live bewicked their full.

"The fourth, Cancer, raigneth in June, and hath the name of Crabbe, for as much as Jacob's Job was full of leprose and kankerous sores, which is a crasse kind, through the punishment of God, entech the flesh: whosoever is borne in this signe, he shall be fearful of body, he shall change gone, if he seek it of grace.

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"The seventh signe, Libra, raigneth in September, and hath the name of the Balance that signe in equal justice administered: as Judas Iscariot tooke counsell with the Jewish for the betraying of our Saviour: whosoever is borne in this signe he shall be a wicked man, and a traytor; an evil death shall he die if the course of nature prevaile, but if he seek after grace and mercy he may escape it.

"The eighth signe, Scorpio, raigneth in October, and hath the name of a Scorpion, forasmuch as the Children of Israel passed through the Red Sea: whosoever is borne in this signe shall be gracious and happy, if he make one a-mine.

This is a somewhat different interpretation of the old Chaldean and Egyptian cadical hieroglyphics, from what modern astronomers have given us—the zodiacy, indeed, between the signe and the months, is much the same in both—but not something of mysticism has appertained to the utterances of the family, whereof Thomas Bright was a practitioner, from the remotest periods; and he gives himself a wide scope in the application of his knowledge of the signes, "neither the planete nor the signes where they work do constraine any man to doe good or evil, but he may (by his free will and the grace of God) doe good although he be disposed and affect the contrary, according to the planet and vice versa." A clause that saves your humanity from despair, however ill-starred by nativity. On the subject of critical days, whereon if any fall sick or be hurt they shall hardly escape, our author is more explicit. These are the 1st and 7th of January, the 1st and 6th of February, the 1st and 6th of March, the 6th and 13th of April, the 2nd and 7th of May, the 7th and 14th of June, the 14th and 21st of July, the 2nd and 9th of August, the 2nd and 10th of September, the 3rd and 9th of October, the 3rd and 11th of November, the 3rd and 10th of December, as likewise the 10th of August. "The 1st of December and the 6th of May" are observed by all astrologers to be perilous, for take any matter therein by covetousness or folly." He adds that these days are "dangerous in the year, very unfortunate, either to let blood or begin any work of importance, very peradventure Monday is one of the which Caine was borne, and his brother Abel slain—the first Monday in January on the which Isaac was conceived and born—the first Monday in December, on the which Judas betrayed our Saviour—the first Monday in March, on the which Cain killed his brother, and betrayed his Master our Saviour. And three Monday's, viz., Childermas Day, which is the eight and twentieth of December, on by divers misfortune and sudden pain to all sorts of people, as experience showeth. On the other hand, we are informed that some days are best elected for to begin a work to be fortunate ones, not only for any business to be undertaken by them—for if the children borne be apt to be school on those days, why were to be rich and fortunate.

"Fie, I think you should buy that tread." "Ah! that should I do with it?" "Why, my dear, some degree of encouragement." "Fed your chickens in it," was his saturnine reply. The beard sprang from him with a bound or two, and then with that lumpish eloquence which is peculiar to a son of the Emerald Isle, exclaimed, "I go' go ahead!"

A PICTURE OF OLD COUNTRY.

From the Western clearings, the Summer farms of the Mississippi Valley, the Lake trade, the fisheries of the Atlantic, mills, fields, and forests in the car of commerce, gorgeous and rebellious New York, and sublime San Francisco, and Imagination, by all that they supply and foster, shudder. They represent many things, and especially many a hundred thousand pounds sterling; but they are not its cause and darling, its native. Look at the pictures of Cuyp and Hobbema. In this new world of boundless resources and free activity, are more marvelous facts than these dear, old, dreamy, Dutch folk realized that they could make on Paper: this skilled and thrifty people, who have created a land of trees, a homeland, its cultivated, and plant, and adorn, this large array of worshipful, methodical, and quiet men, who composed of scenes, form a grand spectacle. Though their weapons are the shovel, the plough, and the steam engine, they have the history of pastoral poetry and battle in their souls. Here is the history of the forest; the work thing, and the assembling-house, like village Hampden, die unsung, yet great qualities are often exhibited in these humble fields of man's effort, and their labors dread sadness, as the sad of our sorrowful life, the basis of an island where the sun, to its light and air of Heaven.

But the picture has its dark side. The eager desire for wealth, the "incessant and fallacious hurry," pursuit of it has become the universal passion and occupation. We have that love of money which is the root of all evil; and under the deadly shade of the tree from that root, the love of knowledge and art, of truth, and virtue, and beauty, wither and die. "In prosperity no silent oracle." The curse of Midas is upon us. Our feelings, our ideas, are superficial as all learned into gold, and we are starving amid our barren abundance. We worship the unreal, not the spiritual; the visible and transient, not the invisible and eternal. We are practical, not intellectual; and our pleasures are of the senses, not of the mind, imagination and taste. We are smitten with "the heat of flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." We are true disciples of the ethics of interest and utility, and our only sympathy is coal pepper. Truly has it been said, that "he who makes haste to get rich shall not be innocent." If temperance is the key to the degrading vice of one portion of our people, intemperate money-making is the besetting sin of another and much larger portion, and it is difficult to say which is the more pernicious. One is a vice of the sensuous, destroying the mind; the other a defection of the mind, and a selfish passion, blasting the moral sentiments, and paralyzing the higher powers of the intellect. The poor drunkard cannot resist the "baneful cup," which destroys the soul, "—insensibility reason's mishap," and transforming him

Into the inglorious likeness of a beast;

and the infatuated worshipper of Mammon deliberately sees his mental faculties for his own destruction, prefers the ignoble and low to the beautiful and high, and shuts out the light of Heaven from his life. Successful industry, rapid gain, and prosperity, without encouraging causes to modify their influence, have stimulated this passion for wealth to excess, and have produced the ideal, in the love of property, beauty, sensuality, corruption, contempt for intellectual pursuits and pleasures, and unerring indifference to ennobling and elevated sentiment. From their supreme love of creature over cities; hence the general want of literary and critical culture; hence the deplorable trash of business; hence most of the nuisance of our politics.—*North American Review.*

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Sea-Share Scenes.

LAST RESORT OF THE MASCULINES.

CHARLES.—Figure, indeed! If he's a fellow to do ? A man must save something. Hats and coats are out of the question—they are really none-days so very fashionable."

THE CRIMEA.

The first year of the war in the Crimea has been characterized by a lack of knowledge in view of the chief incidents and progress of the siege of Sebastopol will be read with interest.

From the 14th to 16th Sept., 1854.—The French armies landed in the Bay of Kalamita, at Old Fort, having left Varna on the 8th, 9th, 10th and the last of the 12th, and the 13th by the fleet. Upwards of one hundred ships were engaged in the conveyance of the French troops. On the 14th and 15th the fleet lay at anchor, and the infantry worshipped at Mammon deliberately sees his mental faculties for his own destruction, prefers the ignoble and low to the beautiful and high, and shuts out the light of Heaven from his life. Successful industry, rapid gain, and prosperity, without encouraging causes to modify their influence, have stimulated this passion for wealth to excess, and have produced the ideal, in the love of property, beauty, sensuality, corruption, contempt for intellectual pursuits and pleasures, and unerring indifference to ennobling and elevated sentiment. From their supreme love of creature over cities; hence the general want of literary and critical culture; hence the deplorable trash of business; hence most of the nuisance of our politics.—*North American Review.*

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MILK, BREAD, AND BUTTER TREES.

We had heard several works before of a tree, the sap of which is a nourishing food, called "the cow tree," and we were assured by Humboldt that a species of fig, the milky fruit of this vegetable milk; consider it a wholesome element. All the milky juices of plants have been tried, bitter, and sweet, and poisonous, this account appeared to us very strange; but we found it experienced during our stay at Barbuda, that the virtues of this tree had not been exaggerated. This fig tree grows to the size of a middling apple tree. Its oblong and pointed leaves, rough and alternate, are marked by lateral ribs, prominent on the lower surface and parallel. Some of them are ten inches long. The small flowers, sessile and sometime two nuts. When incisions are made in the trunk of this tree, it yields abundance of a glutinous sweet, milky juice, devoid of all acridity; and an agreeable and balmy smell. It was offered to us in the shell of a calabash. We drank considerable quantities of it by lateral lips, pronounced it to be good, and very tasty in the morning, without feeling the least injurious effect. The viscosity of this milk alone renders it a little disagreeable. The negroes and the free people of color, used to the immediate drink it, dipping into it their bread of maize or manioc. The milk of the cow tree is said to dry up more speedily faster during the season when the pale de vara furnishes them with most milk. Mr. Rackenzie's house, the possession at its entire (perhaps in consequence of the atmosphere of the atmosphere of) grass membranes of a strongly assimilated substance, yellow, somewhat resembling cheese. These membranes, separated from the rest of the more aqueous liquid, are elastic, almost like caoutchouc, and are used to the air, preserve sensibly faster during the season when the pale de vara furnishes them with most milk. Mr. Rackenzie's house, the possession at its entire (perhaps in consequence of the atmosphere of the atmosphere of) grass membranes of a strongly assimilated substance, yellow, somewhat resembling cheese. These membranes, separated from the rest of the more aqueous liquid, are elastic, almost like caoutchouc, and are used to the air, preserve

Wit and Humor.

A WICTIM.

Mr. Jones, whose name was once known to the New Orleans public, appears to have been a victim of misplaced confidence nearly as late. On Tuesday, Mr. Russell was in the office of the Recorder, when Mr. Jones came in. We give his examination:

"Well, old man, where are you from now?"

"Why, Russell, you've been again."

"Yes, sir. The fact is, sir, I'm a victim."

"How so? I was what Bailey Russell does, he is sure to winkle some one or other. Why, Jones, you're a fool. Don't you know Russell, my boy, we'll take a knot to-morrow; and you shall be bonded. Well, get to the gate, and what do you think? Before I got to the next corner, Barney Whalen tapped me on the shoulder, and says he, 'Jones, you're the very man I want.' What's right the law, I replies; and he says, 'I want a bondsman in the case of assault and battery.' I'm accordingly attended me and brought me to the police court. The result of that piece of fun was a fine of five dollars. Well, what did I do then?"

"Can't say."

"Well, listen, and it'll tell you. I told the fact towards in case of 'Aunt Pat's' friends for twenty dollars. Well, I was standing by a lamp, a cow and five pigs. I took them home, built a pen in the back yard, and thought all my troubles were at an end; but I was mistaken. Officer Bradford called upon me the very next morning, and says he, 'Jones, you've been huge in the yard in spite the law.' I doubted it. They fined Officer Bradford, who had interested again. This time I was fined five dollars."

"Well, what did you do then?"

"I sold my cow and pigs, and bought a horse and cart, and undertook to carry coals. I was very first load, I put on down the attention of Policeman Bradford, who said that driving a cart without a driver's license was a fine of $5. I noticed six for that offense, which caused me another fine of five dollars."

"Well, what did you do next?"

"I sold the horse and cart, and bought the first load of coals."

"Well, what success did you meet with after that?"

"The same old luck, sir. The first day I attempted peddling, Policeman Snooks took me by the collar, and says he, 'Jones, you're again the law, old fellow.' What's agin the law, I asks. 'Why, peddling coals without a license,' he says, and the nook, 'quite as well as you were in the police court.' Well, sir, I was incarcerated pale with rage and mortification, and, certain, as it costs me some $50 to get out. I appeal for the protection of the Court against this impertinence." "The Court," cried Lord Eldon, "will not afford you protection to say one who has bled under the immortal Nelson."—*Irish Paper.*

Miscellaneous.

GULF WEED.

BY C. G. PENNEE.

A wooly weed, bound to and fro,
Beneath the ocean in its home below,
Nearing high and sinking low,
Tossed by the waves, and tossed by wind,
Apart of the system of the creeping sea,
Flung on the shore, and left behind,
Mark our manifold destiny.

Sometimes I'm torn from my place appear
Sometimes I'm torn from my place appear
And tossed and torn through I by
Mingled there with the wrecks of wood,
Of bark and branch, and of leaf and bud,
Mid the wild waves' rude uproar.
Green leaf and branch, and of leaf and bud,
Mid the wild waves' rude uproar.

Sometimes I'm torn on the sounding shore
Something whispers soft to me,
Something whispers soft to me,
Like words from wood of the sea,
But they're not, and they're not,
The eternal Type of the wondrous whole,
Unchanged, unchangeable,
Silent, unbreaking, unbroken soul.

PICTURE OF THE DEPARTED.—What would you give for a picture of a departed friend in the circumstance, for a good portrait of a departed friend?

We bought a lad, a mere boy, of this city, (son of Mr. Jonathan Dearborn,) who had been drowned in the Mississippi river, and had been in the water about a week, when he was produced. For our own part we are satisfied that, though he had been submerged so much highly, there was no "Now those eight did Milton have—

"What, what's that?" said the old lady, "read that again."

"The good daughter complied, and, looking more earnestly, read, 'did Milton hear.'

"Ah, that will do," said the old mother, "they might milk a bear, but to milk a bear, my daughter, is impossible.'"—*Harper's Magazine.*

A TEXAS WITNESS.—Prosecuting Attorney—Mr. Parks, state if you please, what you know about the killing of Mr. Jones by the defendant."

Witness—He's been a professor ever since I've been acquainted with him, and is now of religion."

"You don't understand me, Mr. Parks. What does he do?"—Generally he does a good deal. Tell the jury, Mr. Parks, what the defendant follows."—Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant follows preaching when they go to in drink."—Mr. Parks, this kind of prevarication will not do here. Now state what the defendant generally follows."—Well, sir, when he's got on a spree, I think, he rather light on the whole, follows the practice of law."

"Mr. Parks, you must be aware that you are not in the presence of Mr. Jones, and that you are not in the presence of Mr. Jones, and that you are not in the presence of Mr. Jones, and